

October, 1934

The Liguorian



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AMONG OURSELVES

A new sub-title for THE LIGUORIAN has been suggested by readers in the Philippine Islands, who call it "an inspirational tonic for gloomy souls." Let us hope it will provide such a tonic for all its readers during these murky fall days, when, Dr. Johnson to the contrary notwithstanding, the human spirit is inclined to droop.

* * *

A Correspondent in Chicago thanks us for dunning him for his renewal, saying that he has been a subscriber for 20 years, and does not wish to miss a copy. Which is balm for the editorial heart, counting so many subscription lapses and wondering about the future.

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The Catholic Action documents which have been printed in THE LIGUORIAN have attracted considerable attention among Church leaders in the East. These articles constitute a genuine "scoop" for THE LIGUORIAN, as the material translated and published in them has not previously appeared here in America.

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1935 ART CALENDARS 1935

THE LIGUORIAN has procured a supply of artistic, Catholic, Liturgical Calendars for the New Year. They have the usual number of excellent copies of masterpieces in painting, many points of information needed in the daily life of Catholics, and a summary of Catholic doctrine. Orders should be sent in early. The Calendars are priced at 40 cents each, 3 for \$1.00.

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The Liguorian

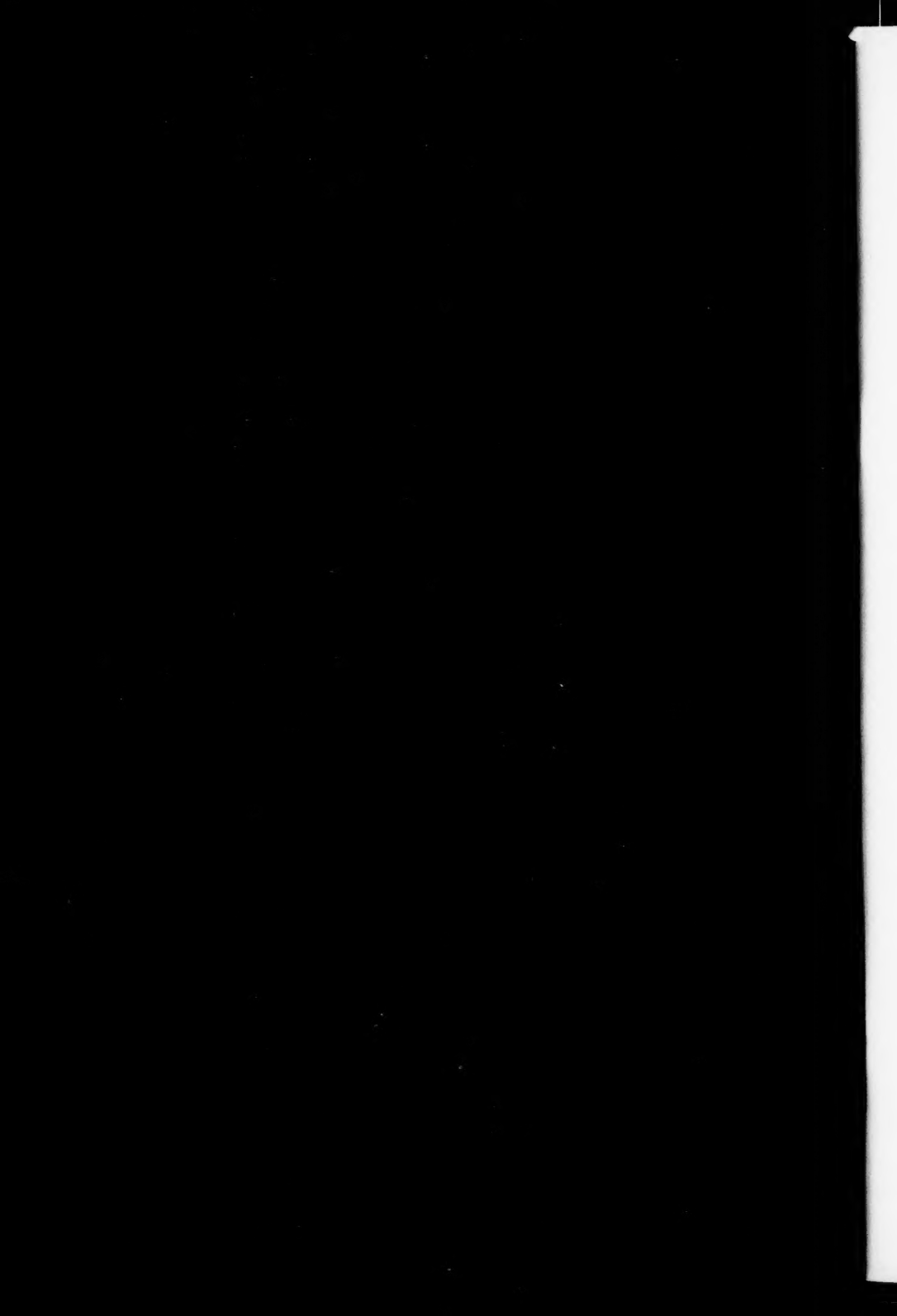
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THE LIGUORIAN



A Popular Monthly Magazine

*According to the Spirit of St.
Alphonsus Devoted to the Growth of Catholic Belief and Practice*

Vol. XXII.

OCTOBER, 1934

No. 10

THE ROSARY

Ave Maria! How sweetly are falling
The soft cadent pleadings o'er land and o'er sea.
From this valley of shadows Thy children are calling
This prayer of Thy Heart—Thy loved Rosary.

As out of the drops of the Summer's brief showers,
The sun weaves the arch of his bow in the sky,
And lays there the beauties of all the earth's flowers,
That blend in one glory and fadingly die.

So Mary has wrought of her tears of heart-aching,
And the sun-bursts of glory and joy in Her life,
This Heaven-born token, whose glories are breaking
In pledges of love, o'er the world's storm and strife.

It has come from the gardens of Heaven,—a wreathing
Of Roses, all fragrant with memories that cling
To each separate part, as the scent to the blossoms
That freshen and break in the sunlight of Spring.—

White Roses of Joy that have bloomed in a midnight,
Whilst shepherds were watching their flocks neath the skies,
And a song from on high woke the hush of the starlight,
And a Maiden looked down in Her Son's smiling eyes.—

There are Roses that bloomed on a dark lonely Mountain
(Where the cries of a rabble had died, one by one)
That are red in the flow of a down falling Fountain,
As a Mother looks up to the Cross of Her Son.

This Prayer is the ladder of old, seen in vision,
Whose length reaches up from the earth to the skies,
Whereon the white Angels of Grace are descending,
And the Angels of Love to Our Mother arise.

— R. J. Hearn, C.Ss.R.

Father Tim Casey

THE PAMPHLET RACK

C. D. McENNIRY, C.Ss.R.

"Oh, Father Casey, you could never guess what we were talking about," Fanny Blessig hastened to tell the priest the moment he entered the club room.

"You were talking about your neighbors, I suppose, or the latest wrinkle in hair waves and plucked eyebrows."

"No! No!! No!!! Why, Father, we are high brow. We were talking about the necessity of a Catholic daily paper, if you please."

"Now, aren't you proud of us?" gurgled Gaby Flanders.

"Gerald was telling us a lot of interesting experiences — how very, very little outsiders know about the Catholic religion," Delizia Hogan informed him.

"I would amend Gerald's statement and add how very, very little Catholics themselves know about the Catholic religion," Richard Ranaghan volunteered.

"Catholic doctrine, you know, Father, is all written and explained and everything in thick books full of big words like — like — like indefectibility and hyperstratic —"

"That is hypostatic, Fanny, not hyperstratic. You are confusing dogmas with balloon ascensions," Ranaghan corrected. Richard was quite a reader himself.

"Well, anyhow," Fanny continued unabashed, "nobody reads those big books — except priests and nuns that know it all already. The rest of us haven't the time; at least we think we haven't. However we do manage to page through the daily paper, and besides the baseball scores and the funnies and the bank robberies, we lap up a few drops of their so-called wisdom, an article here and there, that does us more harm than good. Now, if it were a Catholic daily, the articles would be the right kind, the kind that would help us to know our faith better and love it more."

"Then too," Bernard Raab added, "we would have something to give to inquiring non-Catholics. I could say, for instance: 'Bill, you were asking about our stand on divorce, or Freemasonry, or whatever it was. Here is a short article in the Catholic daily.' Bill would accept the

paper. Since he was already interested, he would read the article—especially if it were short and pointed—and maybe a couple of others besides.”

“Splendid idea!” the priest enthused. “Splendid! Go straightway and put it into practice.”

“But, Father, that’s the trouble. We can’t. We have no Catholic daily.”

“Then what are you going to do about it?”

“Well-er-don’t you see, Father—” Bernard was stammering when Gaby Flanders interrupted him.

“Speak up, big boy, and tell the priest what you are going to do. Nothing. Just nothing.—And all the rest of us are going to help you.”

“So that is what all your zeal comes to—talk.”

“But, Father, what can we do?”

“What you *could* do is to get out on the front lines and whoop it up for a Catholic daily. A movement of this kind must be sold to the public before it will be undertaken. But if the role of propagandists is too limelighty for you shrinking violets, you could at least use the material already at hand.”

“What do you mean, Father?”

“I mean pamphlets. There are hundreds of them—short, terse, forceful, meaty—treating the very questions you and your non-Catholic friends are most keen about. They are written in just the style you want, interesting and right up to the minute.”

“Too goody-goody,” was Elmer Hookway’s comment.

“For instance?” Father Casey asked this question, and everybody looked at Elmer.

“Aw, I cannot give any instances,” he growled, “I never read the things.”

“Good boy, Elmer!” Ranaghan cried. “You missed your calling. The fates predestined you to be a book reviewer. You can tell all about a book without looking inside the covers.”

“But that suggestion of Father Casey’s is—is great!” Raab came back to the main topic. “There are so many burning problems today. We know the Church has the right dope on them, but we have only the foggiest idea of what the Church teaches. And we simply lack the courage to tackle a book on the subject. But give us a good snappy pamphlet, the kind I can slip in my pocket or that Gaby Flanders could

carry in her purse or handbag or whatever she calls that plumber's tool kit she carries her beauty batteries in. Riding a trolley, sitting in a lobby, waiting in a barbershop, we could read that pamphlet and get a real kick out of it. One would lead to another. We would get the habit of reading them, and we would gradually acquire a real practical knowledge of our religion. We would no longer feel so much like mutts, empty cartons. It would increase our self-respect to know we were using our heads for something else than to keep our collar from slipping off."

"Yes, and that 'Bill' friend of yours," Ranaghan suggested, "when he wants to know if the Popes used to spend their winters in Spain frying truth-loving Protestants in a big gas smelter called Inquisition, you need not wait until the Catholic paper happens to have an article on the subject. You can say: 'Bill, I'll give you some dope on that question this aft. And when you come in from lunch, hand him an up-to-date pamphlet on the Spanish Inquisition that will knock his eye out.'"

"But where will you get just the pamphlet you need to answer his question?" Ann Wigglesworth wanted to know.

"Drop into some church, and get it out of the pamphlet rack. They all have pamphlet racks now." Bernard Raab told her.

The words had scarcely left his lips when he realized his tragic blunder. An ominous silence fell on the club. Furtively the members exchanged guilty looks. Father Casey spoke:

"Yes," he said coldly and distinctly. "Yes, all the churches have pamphlet racks—even St. Mary's. . . . I saw St. Mary's pamphlet rack when I was coming over this evening, not only saw it but examined it. I found there a bunch of pamphlets—too big for the pocket they were in so they had to be folded. They were folded in such a way the title could not be seen. I opened them up. They were copies of *Catholic Action* four months old. Another pocket was too big for its contents—a half-dozen yellow, faded left-overs. In a third pocket were handbills advertising our last summer lawn party. In the next pocket I discovered three decades of a broken rosary, the last fifteen pages of a child's prayerbook and one of those contraptions a lady uses when she powders her nose. In all the pockets there was a half-inch of sooty dust. The money box was broken and hanging lop-sided from a single screw. Yes, even St. Mary's has a pamphlet rack!!!"

The priest stopped. Silence deep and foreboding hung over the little group.

"Moments that seem like years!"

It was Gaby Flanders' stage whisper that broke the spell.

"That's right, Father Casey, crack down on us. We deserve every bit of it, and then some." Richard Ranaghan, being President, spoke for the club. "We are a bunch of flat tires, duds, washouts. You entrusted to us the care of St. Mary's pamphlet rack, and we fell down on the job. Just as in everything else, we began with red hot enthusiasm, bit off more than we could chew, got discouraged and let the whole thing go to the bow-wows."

"Give us a chance to make good, Father," Bernard Raab pleaded. "I never before realized the importance of a pamphlet rack. Now I see it is a real apostolate. I give you my word of honor I shall not fail you this time."

"I too. I too," chorused the others.

"Cross my heart," said Gaby Flanders.

"The secretary and I will be responsible for keeping the rack supplied with pamphlets," said the president. "But all the rest of you must be ready, at the weekly meetings, to suggest titles for new ones. Each one of you has individual contacts which will help us to keep our finger on the public pulse and judge what pamphlets will have the strongest appeal at the moment. We want to get this reputation—that Sunday morning St. Mary's pamphlet rack will always have the answer to the question they were discussing down town Saturday afternoon."

"And we must adjust the pockets of the rack so that, no matter what the size of the pamphlet, its title can be plainly read." This was Stephen Tighe's suggestion.

"That vestibule is too dark to read the titles, even though you do adjust the pockets."

"We can let down a drop light, can't we, Father? That will draw attention to the rack and show the titles at the same time."

"These pamphlets generally come in striking covers. We can work out a color scheme that will make it easy to look at," added Delizia Hogan, "and change the arrangement every few weeks so as not to let it become monotonous."

"It is still more important not to let the reading matter itself get monotonous," said practical Bernard. "Not only must we see that no pocket is ever left empty, we must also change the matter frequently. Aren't there special subjects we could feature at different seasons, Father?"

"Certainly," the priest replied. "'Education' around the time schools and colleges open; 'Good Citizenship' before election or convention; 'Poor Souls' for November; 'Blessed Mother' for May. No trouble about finding special subjects to feature."

"And, Father, couldn't you mention from the pulpit the name of some especially timely pamphlet?"

"Yes, I could do that. And you could advertise it in the parish monthly."

"Another thing, Father, we could put up a notice from time to time calling attention to the pamphlets that ought especially be read. Or slip a notice into the envelopes you send out for the coal collection."

"You would get the best results of all with one or two experienced persons stationed at the rack on Sunday mornings to help the people select suitable pamphlets. But of course that would be demanding too great a sacrifice," said Father Casey.

"Not for us, Father! Not for us! We will stop at *no* sacrifice to make St. Mary's pamphlet rack a success."

"Attaboy!" cheered Gaby Flanders.

THE RIGHT VIEW

Tim Healy was one of the ablest lawyers in England, a member of the House of Parliament, and a Catholic. On one occasion he expressed his views publicly in Parliament, on the subject of education, as recently quoted in the *True Voice*:

"I would rather have my children learn to say the Our Father than learn the use of the globes. I would rather that they understood their religion in the provision for eternity which is to come than that they be rich and prosperous and educated in the things of this world.

"I would give very little for your education. I cannot spell myself. I cannot parse an English sentence. I cannot do the rule of three. I am supposed to know a little law, but I think that is a mistake. But if there is one thing which I and mine have got a grip of, it is the belief in the Infinite Christ to come; the conviction that our children, whatever be their distresses, whatever be their misfortune, whatever be their poverty in this world, if they listen to the teaching of the Church, will reap a rich reward in putting into practice the lessons of Christianity which they receive in the Catholic school."

The Maryland Tercentenary

MARCH 25, 1634

S. McKENNA, C.Ss.R.

Many Catholics are unaware that the principle of religious toleration, incorporated in our constitution and made the public policy of the United States, was first put into practice in the States by Catholics. The Maryland Tercentenary brings this to mind, as the author of this article demonstrates.

On March 25, 1634, the first English settlers landed on Maryland soil. This date, so important in Maryland history, is not without interest to us Catholics. For Maryland was the first and only permanent Catholic colony in English-speaking America and the religious toleration which was

there proclaimed and the Catholic Faith which was planted in Maryland have left an indelible impress upon the Church in the United States.

An ideal state where the thorny problem of how civil and religious liberty could be satisfactorily settled had been conceived by George Calvert, a convert to Catholicism; but owing to his premature death in 1632 it remained for his son and successor, Cecil, to make this ideal a reality in the establishment of the Maryland Colony. For from the very outset the Church and State in Maryland were independent and sovereign in their respective spheres and none in the colony was excluded from voting or holding public-office merely because of his religious beliefs.

To us living in the twentieth century religious liberty has become a common-place. But such was not the case 300 years ago. For in 1634 practically the greater part of Europe was involved in the fierce, destructive "30 Years' War" that was fundamentally a religious war between the Catholics and Protestants. And even here in America, especially in Virginia and New England the Church and state were closely allied; those who did not belong to this so-called "State-Church" were often bitterly persecuted, a strange inconsistency indeed, as many of these very persecutors had come to the New World with the avowed purpose of practising their own religion more freely.

Holding in abhorrence anything Catholic, some have claimed that religious toleration was expressly stipulated in the Maryland Charter or at least that the government was obliged to grant it owing to the

political exigencies of the times. But what are the facts? A careful perusal of the Maryland Charter will convince the reader that there is not a word in it for or against religious liberty. In fact when in 1642 the Protestant Episcopal religion became the Established Church in Maryland the act was justified as not contrary to the text of the charter. Nor can it be said that religious toleration was only a political necessity in Catholic Maryland. In other words, if the Protestants of Maryland had been impeded in the practise of their religion, then the Protestants of England, who were in an overwhelming majority would have arisen at once in their defence. For in 1634 when Maryland was founded and for many years afterwards England was so torn apart by internal dissensions (there was actual civil war between King Charles II and Parliament from 1642 to 1648) as to be little concerned about her possessions overseas. Hence impartial Maryland historians such as William Brantly affirm that "Lord Baltimore could have prohibited the immigration of Puritans and could have discouraged in many ways the settlement even of Conformists (those who professed membership in the Established Church of England) and this same historian adds, "not only did he not do any of these things but he invited Christians of every name to settle in Maryland."

While the major credit for Maryland's religious toleration is due to the Lord Proprietor, as Cecil Calvert was called, still the part played by the Maryland Assembly should not be forgotten. It is historically certain that in the initial and formative period of the colony this Assembly was predominantly Catholic. The members of this Assembly never hesitated to oppose the Lord Proprietor whenever they deemed his action inexpedient for the welfare of the colony (their denial, for example, of his right to initiate legislation in the colony); but in the Proprietor's efforts to make civil and religious liberty effective in Maryland they gave him their unqualified support. Thus in 1649 when this toleration seemed doomed to destruction it was a Catholic Assembly that passed the famous "Act concerning religion" which gave the permanency of law to the religious liberty that had been taken for granted since the establishment of the colony. And though later on, as is well known, religious toleration came to an end in Maryland it was due to the simple fact that the influence of Catholics was no longer felt in the government of the colony.

VALUE OF THIS LEGACY

England whence the Catholic colonists of Maryland had come, contained for them the harshest memories, for since the days of Queen Elizabeth the penal laws enacted and enforced by the rulers of the land had made life for the English Catholics a living martyrdom. And the Catholics of Maryland knew full well the penalty they would have to pay if they had attempted to settle in the Protestant colonies along the Atlantic sea-board. Yet in spite of it all we find the Catholics of Maryland granting to the Protestants in their colony the fullest civil and religious liberty. The same spirit of charity and forgiveness of injuries that actuated the pioneer Catholics of Maryland had been the characteristic mark of their spiritual descendants in the United States.

Thus it is a familiar fact of American Colonial history that in the years immediately preceding the War of Independence religious liberty was everywhere denied to Catholics except in Pennsylvania and even there they were not permitted to hold public office. And in 1774 when England very wisely granted some religious concessions to the French Catholics of Canada her conduct incensed the American Colonists and a wave of anti-Catholic bigotry swept the country. It is no longer a conjecture but rather a fact that this Quebec Act, as it is known in history, precipitated the revolt of the colonies. Yet when the call to arms sounded the majority of Catholics were ready to forgive and on the field of battle they marched shoulder to shoulder with their erstwhile persecutors. After the war Bishop John Carroll explicitly mentioned the fact that his fellow-Catholics, in proportion to their members, had contributed as much as any other denomination to the winning of independence. And as a further proof that the American Catholic even in our day harbors no revenge for the ill-treatment he has received, let us read the words of the late Cardinal Gibbons: "In more than one instance of our nation's history our Churches have been desecrated and burnt to the ground; our convents have been invaded and destroyed; our clergy have been exposed to insult and violence yet in spite of all these provocations our Catholic citizens, though wielding an immense numerical influence in the localities where they suffered have never retaliated God grant that such may always be our record."

Maryland's religious toleration is also of incalculable benefit to the Catholic apologist. It supplies him first of all with the indisputable

evidence of facts that the principles of the Catholic Church are not incompatible with those of our American Government. For in Catholic Maryland a clear distinction was made between the functions of the state and Church, thus obviating the undeniable abuses connected with the "state churches" in the other colonies. In Maryland, too, everyone was granted religious liberty on the ground that liberty of conscience is a right anterior and superior to that of the state. Thus Maryland anticipated by more than 150 years the very principles that formed the cornerstone of our glorious republic. And secondly, the example of Catholic Maryland is a convincing refutation of the oft-repeated objection that were Catholics to become a majority in the United States they would destroy the equality of all religions before the law that is now guaranteed by the Constitution and would nullify the equally cherished First Amendment by discriminatory laws against non-Catholics. For in colonial Maryland, as we have already seen, where the Catholic Lord Proprietor possessed almost regal powers and where the Assembly was unquestionably Catholic not only did the state recognize the legal equality of all religions, but the oppressed Protestants of other colonies were invited to Maryland as "the land of sanctuary."

No wonder then that we Catholics are justifiably proud of the religious toleration practised by the Catholic Proprietor and settlers of Maryland and have ever treasured it as a legacy eminently more precious than gold or silver.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH IN MARYLAND

While the Catholic Proprietor and settlers of Maryland were lending lustre to the Church of which they were members we must not forget the Rev. Andrew White, S.J. and the Rev. John Altham, S.J. For in the Providence of God they inaugurated a movement, which though somewhat hesitatingly at first, eventually developed into one of the greatest religious organizations of modern times—the Catholic Church in the United States. And therefore, it is no exaggeration to say that the history of the Catholic Church in our country really begins on March 25, 1634, when the Rev. Andrew White offered up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass for the first time in the colony of Maryland.

The purpose of the Jesuits in accepting the Maryland Mission was twofold—to keep alive the faith of the Catholic settlers and to preach to the natives of America the saving truths of the Gospel. At St.

Mary's City, the site of the first permanent settlement in Maryland, the fathers were able before the close of the year 1634 to erect a Catholic Church and school. For with the wisdom of experience to guide them they realized that no permanent success for the Catholic Faith in Maryland was possible unless the children of the settlers and Indians received a thoroughly religious education. The Rev. Peter Guilday, discussing this first "parochial" school writes, "This little school at St. Mary's was the cornerstone not only of the schools and colleges which followed it but also of the entire educational system of today."

From the reports sent by Fathers White and Altham to their superiors in Europe we learn that the Catholics of Maryland attended to their religious duties far more regularly than the majority of Catholics in Europe. They also record the fact that many of the original Protestant settlers of Maryland, no longer influenced by the bigotry of their native England, voluntarily embraced the Catholic Faith. And finally the missionaries were amazed at the docility of the Indians; a few years after his arrival Father White not only wrote a Catechism for them in their native language, but he also succeeded in converting one of the leading Indian chiefs of Maryland and baptizing him with a large number of his tribe.

With the passage of time it was inevitable that the pioneer priests should pass from the scene. But their zeal and love for souls lived on in the members of the Society of Jesus who for almost 150 years came to labor in Maryland. Not only at St. Mary's City, but elsewhere as circumstances permitted, did the Jesuits erect schools, where with their characteristic thoroughness, they prepared the pupils for their higher religious education in the colleges and seminaries of Europe. Many of these boys, such as the Rev. John Carroll, later returned to labor as priests in their native land. The evangelization of the Indians too went apace. Mission-stations were begun at advantageous points throughout the colony, which enabled the Fathers to come in closer contact with the Indians who had as a rule no fixed dwelling-place. When slavery was introduced into Maryland the Jesuits not only applied themselves to the conversion of the negroes but likewise impressed upon the Catholics of Maryland their solemn obligation in justice and charity towards their slaves; thus, though powerless to put a stop towards this disgraceful practise, they were at least able to

mitigate its severity. Since zeal, like love, is diffusive of itself, the missionaries did not limit their activity to Maryland alone; they passed over its confines into Virginia, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and New York. And therefore in 1789 when Pope Pius VI determined to establish the American Hierarchy it was eminently fitting, he said, that Maryland should become the Primatial See not only because it contained (at that time) the greater number of priests and faithful, nor because it was conveniently located for intercourse with the other states, but especially because "from this province the Catholic religion and faith had been propagated into the others."

The establishment and preservation of Catholicity in Maryland were accomplished in the face of tremendous obstacles. For example, although Cecil Calvert had been most anxious to secure the Jesuit Fathers for his colony they found upon their arrival in Maryland that he had made no adequate provisions for their support. Later on the Proprietor strenuously objected to the missionaries receiving donations of property from the colonists or the Indians. The consequence was that the priests were greatly handicapped in their spiritual ministrations by being obliged to devote much of their time and energy to purely material things. Again the climate of Maryland demanded a heavy toll of the missionaries' lives. And thus it is a matter of record that although there were no martyrs among the priests of Colonial Maryland there was a greater loss of life among them than in the contemporary Iroquois missions in Canada. As the Rev. Thomas Hughes, S.J. had written of them so poignantly, "There was life and zeal in the missions as long as men lived to put forth zeal. But they seemed to be coming only to die." But the greatest of all the missionaries' trials came during the persecutions that will forever disgrace the fair name of Maryland. During these troublesome times the Protestant leaders of the colony singled out Catholics as special victims of their hatred and naturally the priests, as their spiritual leaders, had to bear the brunt of the attack. Thus in the very first persecution Father White, "The Apostle of Maryland" was taken back to England in chains. In the persecutions that followed, especially in the last and longest of them all, from 1689 until the eve of the Revolution, the Jesuits were calumniated and slandered; their best and holiest actions were misinterpreted; oftentimes they saw the work of a life-time destroyed in a few hours by the unholly zeal of fanatics. When to all these obstacles it is

recalled that the missionaries were often driven from Maryland and were often without a leader we marvel at the fact that Infant Church in America ever managed to survive. And we can well understand why Father Guilday could write, "The Society of Jesus has many glorious pages in its record of 400 years of intellectual and spiritual activity, but it has no page more vibrant with heroism than its century and a half of missionary success in English-speaking America."

ESTABLISHMENT OF THE AMERICAN HIERARCHY

The dawn of a brighter day for the Church in America came however in 1783 when the Revolutionary War ended. The Protestants now began to display a greater spirit of fairmindedness towards their Catholic countrymen who had assisted them so ably in achieving the ultimate victory. Bigotry and intolerance received a death-blow when by the ratification of the Constitution in 1789 the Federal Government guaranteed, as far as its power extended, religious freedom for the people of every creed. The Catholic Church in the United States, no longer hampered by civil disabilities, could now display its inherent vitality and strength. Rome judged it advisable for political and ecclesiastical reasons to do away with the dependence of the American Missions upon the Vicar-Apostolic of London—a system that had outlived its usefulness—and to place the Church in our country upon a permanent basis by the establishment of the Hierarchy. Not only did Maryland, as we have already mentioned, become the Primatial See, but further the Rev. John Carroll, one of her native sons, and a member of the Society of Jesus (till its suppression in 1773) was chosen as the first bishop and the Founder of the American Hierarchy.

During the 25 years of Carroll's episcopacy his diocese, that had originally included all the territory in the Federal Union, was at his suggestion divided into 5 auxiliary sees, an arrangement that set in motion a more effective machinery for the direction of Catholic affairs in the United States; St. Mary's Seminary, the first of its kind in our country was began at Baltimore in 1791; Georgetown College was likewise erected—"the Alma Mater of all the Catholic Colleges in the United States" as our present Holy Father styled it. Bishop Carroll too succeeded in having the Carmelite Nuns come to Maryland, and they were the vanguard of that mighty army of religious women who behind cloistered walls, in the schoolroom and hospitals, were to become so indispensable to the Catholic priests; and the first national

synod held in 1791 assured for the ever-growing American Church a uniform method of ecclesiastical discipline.

Just as in 1789 the unifying of the 13 colonies under a strong, Federal Government marked the beginning of our nation's greatness, so too the establishment of the Hierarchy in the same year was indeed the turning-point in the history of the Catholic Church in the United States. The Catholics of colonial days, depressed and dejected by years of relentless intolerance were during the period from 1789 to 1814 moulded into a strong, closely-knit organization. As John Gilmary Shea wrote, "the Church had become instinct with life and hope and throbbing with the freedom of a new country." Carroll's successors in the American Episcopate by adhering closely to his policy, by building upon the foundations he so wisely laid have brought the Church in the United States to its present numerical and moral greatness. Thus the tiny seed of Catholicism that Father White had planted in Maryland had been carefully watered and nurtured by his confreres who for more than a century followed him across the Atlantic; and in the fullness of time it was another Jesuit, Bishop Carroll, who saw the Church become a sturdy tree, deep-rooted in the fertile soil of America.

Thus on each March 25 while the whole Catholic World is commemorating the conception of the Son of God in the womb of His Sinless Mother, the Catholics in the United States have an added reason for rejoicing. On that day we can go back in spirit to the eventful March 25th in the year 1634; we can gaze in admiring awe at the Catholic clergy and laity grouped around the altar in the wilderness; and recalling to mind the zeal of the priests and the charity of the people we can raise our voice in thanksgiving to God for the wonderful things that He wrought through them for the Church in our country.

From O. O. McIntyre comes this homely bit of philosophy:

"There has grown up with the modern child and new fangled training an inclination to criticize all elders including parents. I heard a 14 year old girl in a pet the other day say to her mother: 'I did not ask to be born and certainly not for you to be my parent.' Some little old red school house strap oil would be just dandy for that."

Some men change stumbling blocks to stepping stones.

A Matter of Love

TWO PERSONS DECIDE

E. A. MANGAN, C.Ss.R.

The fag end of September. Nothing ever happens then. No place to go. No one with whom to go. What an unromantic time! And what a time for a vacation!

No one however would have imagined that thoughts such as these were coursing through the mind of pretty Anne Stevens as she walked smilingly toward the Press Courtesies Office near the twelfth street entrance to the Chicago Century of Progress exhibition. She had come to get a short term pass to the Fair. Through her position as under-secretary at the radio broadcasting studios she was connected with the Chicago Tribune. As always, she was smiling now.

Anne was pretty. Her eyes were blue, the deep blue of the skies on a clear warm day, and as shining as the stars. They were large, wondering eyes. Had she not learned the art of making them brim with an overflowing smile, they would have been considered of the sad type. Her hair was a luxuriant mass of rich dark brown, tinged with just a suspicion of red now as the sunshine made it sparkle and glow. She had always been called pretty despite her pug nose. Kathleen, her sister, had often been asked by acquaintances how her pretty sister was, and Kathleen herself who had looked enough like Anne to be mistaken for her often, was always called by these same acquaintances "Anne's other sister." It had been quite a joke in the Stevens' family long ago.

On this particular day something unusual did happen to Anne. It happened suddenly. She was just sitting herself to pose for the five-minute picture that was to be attached to her pass when a smartly dressed young man who was to be photographed after her picture had been taken, said to her smilingly: "Yours will be a very pretty picture, Miss."

With an exaggerated show of aloofness Anne suddenly changed her warm smile into a chilling something or other and made the young man feel he had spoken out of order. And immediately she was sorry. There had been nothing forward or fresh in the man's remark and he had said it with such a disarming cordiality that there had been no reason for the very obvious snub Anne had given him. And besides she

had thrown herself out of balance. It took a couple of minutes for her to get back her genial face.

When she stood up the air was still charged with electricity. Though Anne tried to smooth things over by nodding sweetly to him, the young man was still confused and so was she. She was so confused that in her hurry to leave the immediate vicinity of her foolishness, she ran her chin, nose and forehead smack into a wall as she turned quickly to make her exit. The suddenness of the impact stunned her for just a minute. Her smart little hand-bag fell to the floor and clattered open, her knees became wobbly and she would probably have staggered badly or even fallen if a pair of strong hands had not gripped her by the shoulders and steadied her. When the blurred mist had evaporated she was sitting on a chair and a young lady was bathing her stinging forehead. The young man was on his knees collecting the various little articles that had escaped from Anne's handbag.

Her head cleared rapidly. Soon she was smiling her thanks to the young man. She stood up, went to a mirror, made a rapid survey of her chic features and found that the damage amounted to a slight cut over her right eye and a rather sore nose. This she felt rather gingerly and then she took out her compact and for a few minutes she was busily engaged tidying up her face and hair, meanwhile gurgling out her effusive thanks between snickers and hearty laughs.

By the time she was finished making herself fit to go out into the critical world again, the young man's picture had been taken and thus they were both given their passes about the same time, and as a matter of course they left the building together.

The day had started so auspiciously for Anne that she was loathe to part with her companion until she had at least learned his name. She was glad therefore when he seemed to want to stay with her. But his first remark greatly surprised her.

"You are Anne Stevens," he said, but he said it in such a perfectly friendly and nice manner that she could not help liking what she would consider forwardness in any other.

"How did you know my name?" she asked.

"Well, I couldn't help seeing it written in such a pretty hand on the little identification card in your handbag. The card fell out and I gathered it up together with all the other thingamagigs."

"Very good; you are excused; thank you again, and now, please tell me your name."

"First, may I call you Anne?" Again came the frank disarming smile.

And again, Anne was almost taken off her feet, but she was beginning to like his free and perfectly sincere manner. He seemed already to be an old friend.

"Why, certainly," she answered; "all my friends call me Anne."

"That's very nice of you, Anne; I hope I shall be a friend of yours. My name is John (Jack to you) Barnes. I live in Omaha and work for the Herald. That's why I received this pass." As he spoke he reached into his coat pocket for a handkerchief. A rosary came half way out and hung suspended on his pocket and before he noticed it Anne caressed it with her fingers and said:

"Your rosary is hanging out of your pocket, Jack," how natural it seemed to call this energetic ray of sunshine by the name he had suggested!—"it is a very pretty rosary."

"Yeah, and it is blessed by the Pope. You know, I was wondering how I was going to let you know I was a Catholic. I knew you were one because I saw a rosary and a little prayer book in your handbag. Good old handbag. Say, Anne, do you want that rosary? I have another; see." And he pulled a second rosary from another pocket. "They are both blessed by the Pope; got them from a priest friend of mine who studied in Rome. If you promise to pray to Our Lady of Perpetual Help for me some times I'll give you this one. Or maybe you have one blessed by the Pope already."

"No, I haven't," said Anne. "Thank you, Jack," she continued as he handed her the rosary, "and it is a bargain. Do you go to the Perpetual Help devotions in Omaha? I know the Redemptorist Fathers have a church there and wherever they are I understand the devotions are very well attended."

"You are right, my girl. I not only go to the devotions but I am a member of the Redemptorist parish in Omaha."

"There you have something on me," said Anne. "I'm not a member of either of the Redemptorist parishes here in Chicago but dad and I—he's all I have now—always go to the devotions."

They were both surprised thoroughly at the rapidity with which they had plunged into that depth of friendship where intimate confidences are exchanged. Jack liked it and decided to continue. She was such a good listener. Her listening with all its pretty circumstances of

shining blue eyes, understanding shakes of the head, sympathetic little questions, invited more confidences.

"You are a great pal," he said next. "You know, I have been waiting for somebody just like you. You have at least your dad; I have no relatives. There are lots of things I want to talk over with you and you are in for it now. You've got to listen. I'm hungry, how about you? and we have walked about five blocks already. Let's find out where some of these villages are located, try out our passes and have some grub. If we find a cool spot—I didn't realize how hot it was today—we can sit and gab. How about it?"

"All right with me," said Anne.

They took a bus up to twenty eighth street and went into the Black Forest. It seemed cool near the skating rink so they settled themselves at one of the tables and while they ate they watched the fancy skaters go through their paces. A soothing place it was, one just suited to the kind of talk they had been carrying on and intended to continue.

Just when Jack was about to launch into his recital, Anne suddenly asked him:

"Well what about it? Tell me, Jack, if you have any special request you are making of Our Mother of Perpetual Help just at present. I may as well know since I am going to pray that rosary for you often."

"You took the words right out of my mouth, Anne. You bet I have a very special intention I am praying for right now and I have been praying for it for a long time. It is a question of—well—my vocation. You know, for a long time I have been thinking that maybe I could be a priest. I don't know now, since I have met you." But he said it in such a way that Anne knew he had just thrown it in as a kind of a softener to such serious conversation.

"Don't let that worry you, pal, maybe I have thought of becoming a nun myself."

"You don't mean it, Anne?" asked Jack, surprised.

"Never mind," she continued, "you first."

"Well," he went on, "I've often talked it over with one of the Redemptorists. I've been kicking hard against it and never seemed to convince me that I had to do it. But just lately, the last time I spoke with him he opened up a new vista. A new light seemed to break." Jack could see that Anne was more than interested.

He went on: "This Father put it to me this way. He made me

think of Christ personally. He described the terrible scenes of the passion of Our Lord, and boy, how he could describe them. I tell you, Anne, I never realized before so fully how much Our Lord did suffer for us."

Anne was all attention. She was astonished at the ardor and enthusiasm which had crept into the voice and gestures of her friend. She motioned him to continue.

"Father said that Our Lord had suffered with such love for us that He would have died, would have suffered each and every pain over and many more for each single man and woman, had it been necessary. He said that I should put every other motive in the background and ask myself if I couldn't for the love of my Saviour and in return for all He had done for me, give up the world and take up the burdens of the priesthood, perhaps even the burdens of the religious life, just to show my special, personal love for Jesus Christ. I tell you, Anne, it made quite an impression on me. What do you think?"

"I think," said Anne slowly, "that you will be generous enough to do it. And, Jack, I want to thank you with a full heart for speaking this way. Here I've been fooling around for years it seems, always salving my conscience with the thought that I could save my soul outside the convent. How miserably I have been with the Lord."

"Well, Anne," said Jack, "at least let us shake on this. We shall resolve to be very generous to God and place this resolution in the hands of Our Lady of Perpetual Help. Now let us see some more of this Fair as long as we are here. Perhaps in another year neither of us will be able to get to anything like a Fair."

"Here's hoping," said Anne.



While the Catholic Church exists, and that will be until the hand of time has ceased to move, neither atheistic Bolshevism, nor unrestrained industrial Capitalism shall be able wholly to repaganize the world, or totally to enslave the human race.—Wm. E. Kerrish, Catholic Truth Guild, Boston.



Happiness is finally attained, even here, not by selecting its conditions ourselves, but by accommodating ourselves, at whatever cost, to God's plans.

St. John Bosco

THE EDUCATOR

AUG. T. ZELLER, C.Ss.R.

Never perhaps have educational methods been more discussed and analyzed than they are today. There are students of education who make the minutest observations on, for instance, the amount of time it takes the pupils of the various grades to subtract by the "additive" and by the "subtractive" method, and gather statistics as to the amount of errors occurring in each. And so, every single phase of learning is separately dissected, analyzed, catalogued,—much as the various parts of a machine might be.

Saint John Bosco was a genius at education. There is no question about it. His achievements are evidence of it. His life is full of it. A glance at his educational procedures and ideals ought to be enlightening and stimulating.

He himself disowned any system. A correspondent who wondered at his success with boys, asked him:

"Come, Father, give me the key of your educational system, for the greater gain of my seminarists."

"My system! My system!" repeated Don Bosco, folding up the letter; "but what if I don't know it myself? I have only one merit: to go ahead, as God and circumstances inspire me."

That was true, in a sense. He never stopped to plan a system; he surely refused to write a treatise on the subject. He taught every day,—he educated thousands of boys,—learning by his blunders, developing through experience. And when his own disciples asked him for instruction, he simply said: "Do as you see me do."

GIFT AND EFFORT

He had a natural gift for training boys. Father Auffray, his biographer speaks of "magnetism." It certainly seemed to be that. Boys were attracted to him; and if they shrank from him at first, it took little for him to win them. The secret lay in his personality.

We had a glimpse of his external personality in our last issue. He was just the rugged type that would appeal to the real boy. He was bluff and straightforward; he could play all their games and beat them; he knew as many tricks as a slight of hand performer; he was a boy

with them. But it was in his inner personality that the real source of his magnetism lay. He was everything that he tried to lead his boys to be. In one word, he was a saint.

And still it was not all genius. He possessed an attentive and acquisitive mind that made him draw inspiration and suggestion from every source. He learnt from the boys themselves, for he was with them at play and work and prayer. "An educator," he said, "must take part in the whole of the life of his pupils." He learnt from other masters. He learnt from his own mistakes. To do this, for many years he kept a notebook in which he recorded all his fruitless experiments, his blunders and faults. What his heart did not tell him about the boy, his well-stored mind did.

THE PREVENTIVE METHOD

One of the basic principles of the Saint's method was stated by him in these words: "We must make it materially impossible for the child to sin by the most careful attention and above all by loving watchfulness." "The Salesian," he directs, "must perpetually live among his pupils. How? As a superintendent? As an usher? No, as a father who never leaves his children alone, till they know how to use their freedom."

Evidently he took the boy for what he really is,—plastic clay of which the man must be formed. All sorts of formative factors surround him,—games, amusements, reading, companions. They all exert their influence,—too often alas! for bad. He was not going to be beaten; he would be there first with all the ennobling influence of manhood and religion.

This method he called the "Preventive Method," in contradistinction to the method then commonly in vogue and even now too often relied upon,—the Repressive Method. The latter aims to correct evil when already started, by punishment; the former tries to cut off evil at its source. As Father Auffray puts it:

"The Repressive Method says to the boy: Don't break the rules, for if you do, this is what you are in for!" "The Preventive System whispers to him: Look out! Here is the dangerous temptation: keep steady, and overcome the difficulty; and if it is hard, in your weakness rely upon my strength, for I am close by you."

The Saint was convinced that three results followed from his method: "The pupils remain attached to their masters all their lives,—none

of them degenerate while under their care,—the contagion of evil stops at the door of the school,—and since the heart is won, the deepest and innermost springs of character are reached and revived.” These results he promised his disciples.

To illustrate how he practised this vigilance we must observe the Saint when with his boys. They said of him that he was the soul of their games. That speaks volumes. He would pass from one game to another. If he saw a game turning into a quarrel, he went up to the most heated disputants, spoke to the ringleader and quietly said:

“Come, just take a hand in that game over there; they are short a player. I will take your place.”

And if in some other part of the playground he found a boy using bad language and behaving badly, he would say: “Come here and take my place; I want to have a try at your game.” And the change was made quite easily. Thus he was everywhere,—his eyes wide open.

THE BOY ASTRAY

Even among his boys,—there were seven hundred,—some went astray. What was to be done by way of punishment? There must be punishment at times,—this Don Bosco conceded. But it must always conform to these principles:

“It must take care not to harden the heart of the boy and thus close it up to the positive work of education. And therefore, punishments, in his House, were to be deferred as much as possible; they were to be neither humiliating nor irritating; they were to be reasonable; they were to be prompted by kindness with an appeal, as far as possible to the heart of the child.”

Here certainly is a splendid philosophy of corrective punishment. What he meant by it may, perhaps, be best seen from the way he applied it personally.

The Count Constable visited the Saint one day and found him looking over a list of boys’ names.

“Here,” he said, “are all my pupils who leave something to be desired.”

“And what punishment will you inflict on them?” asked the Count.

“Punishment? Why, none at all, my dear Count. Look, this is what I am going to do. The worst of the lot is this one,—good at heart, but his head,—oh, what a head! Very well. Presently I shall go down to recreation and taking him aside I shall ask him about his health.

"'All right,' he will say.

"'So you are quite well pleased with yourself?' I shall say, looking him straight in the face. At this unexpected and plain question he will stand abashed for a moment; then he will cast his eyes downwards, blush and keep an uneasy silence. Then I shall continue in an affectionate tone:

"'Come, I see that though your body is well, perhaps your soul is poorly. How long is it since you last went to confession? Well, you don't answer; your silence tells me a great deal. Promise me to settle up that matter as soon as possible, won't you, my boy?'

"A few minutes later you will find that boy in the confessional and I bet you anything you like, there will be no more complaints about him."

The term punishment, for Don Bosco was a very wide one. "For boys," he said, "everything may be used as punishment which they regard as such. A word of praise to one who has deserved it,—a word of blame to one who has forgotten himself,—may often be a real reward or a real punishment."

THE QUESTION OF DISCIPLINE

Reading of the manner in which Saint John Bosco conducted his oratory, one often gets a suspicion that discipline, as we often meet it, was not much insisted upon nor much in evidence. Did he actually underrate discipline?

For one thing, he did not make a fetish of discipline. For him it was simply a means to an end: the education of the boy. He believed that the hearts and souls of boys must expand and reveal themselves by the free play of their activities,—both so that the educator may know his subject thoroughly and that the boy's powers may develop rightly. Therefore he reduced discipline, in the sense of rules and positive requirements, to a minimum. He respected the legitimate freedom of the boy. This he carried into all spheres of life in his Institutions.

In the chapel, there were no general communion, row after row; no confessions on fixed days; at Communion time, whoever wished arose without any set order. Confessors, however, were always at hand. Example and private exhortation on the part of the masters were the only pressure used.

On the playground, the same spirit of freedom prevailed. Every boy had to play, but he could play what he wished.

In the school-room, little formality and no pomposity. The teacher was father rather than pedagog. Lessons had to be learnt, indeed, and exercises submitted to exact correction. But objections, questions, remarks, were never out of order. Even a joke or humorous story found place in the daily routine.

Sometimes his Houses must have seemed noisy and disorderly to an outsider. To Don Bosco, who ever saw the great goal in view, there could be order in the midst of youthful effervescence.

THE SPIRIT OF SUNSHINE

Another principle of his method was to surround his charges with warmth and light,—an atmosphere of joy. It was his aim to associate the notion of joy and pleasure with good and duty in the boy's mind.

To secure this he often literally wore himself out. He started their games,—joined in them,—showed them how to play,—enjoyed their games as much as they did,—and even at the age of fifty-three still ran races with them and beat them.

Everything about the house,—the school-room, work-rooms, recreation-rooms,—had to be bright and cheerful. Music in every form was given front rank,—even if at times it was rather deafening. Especially the chapel must be made attractive. Prayers were said by all aloud, hymns sung by all. Exercises were short but appealing. Flowers and lights plentiful.

AUTHORITY

Obedience requires authority. Why must his boys be good? It was certainly not because of fear of punishment or by force. No, as soon as possible he made his boys obey because they saw the justice of the command and, by faith, recognized that it comes from God. This, he thought, could be secured, little by little, if they loved the man, the teacher who gave the command. "Make yourself loved to make God more loved," was the direction he gave his followers.

And how to secure that? "Would you be loved, then love," he says. "And even that is not enough; take a further step: you must make them feel that you love them. How? Listen to your own heart; it will tell you." How well he accomplished this may be gleaned from the wondering remark of a social worker of Turin:

"There is at No. 32 Cottolengo Street, what is nowhere else to be found . . . a room out of which goes forth, radiant with joy, the boy or youth who entered it with a heart full of weariness and bitterness: it is Don Bosco's room."

Once the boy's confidence was thus gained, he led him higher,—even to the supernatural. That was his great aim: to establish perseverance in right living, based upon solid devotion, when the lad came across temptations to evil in his after career.

Therefore religious teaching was given the first place in his institutions. The lessons were short, but lively, vivid, practical. Everything was tried: catechism classes, five-minute sermons after evening-prayers, short readings after Mass or before Benediction, religious and moral hints naturally suggested in the class-room or on the playground. Everything was tried, but not dragged in tiresomely.

From the very beginning he tried to bring them into contact with the three great springs of Christian life: Confession, Communion, and Devotion to the Blessed Virgin. Confession he made as informal as possible. He anticipated Pope Pius' ordinances on children's Communion and frequent Communion. The words of his mother on the day he started to study for the priesthood became as it were the motto of his life: "If you become a priest some day, propagate devotion to the Blessed Virgin incessantly."

Thus Don Bosco, who refused to write a treatise on education, has left us material enough for one and more. He must be reckoned among the greatest educators of modern times.

DELAY

An old legend relates that the devil once held a great council of the fallen angels to devise means of hindering the work of salvation.

One suggested that they go and tell the people of the world that all they heard of Christianity was false. But the devil said that would be of no use, as everyone knew it was true, or at least felt that it might be true.

Another suggested that they whisper in the peoples' ears that Christianity was true, but need not be believed. But again the devil said: "That would also be of little use. We might draw some away, but the multitude would not listen."

A third said: "Let us tell the people that all they hear is true, but persuade them that there is no hurry about putting it into practice."

"Ah," said the devil, "you have it, that's fine, that's the net that will drag in a great multitude."

Etchings From Life

IN COMPANY WITH DEATH

D. F. MILLER, C.Ss.R.

I

White vestments were worn by the priest. Flowers were on the altar — white roses — rearing their heads amid evergreen sprigs. The Mass of the Angels was sung — its music like the joyous simplicity of children's voices. . . . This was the funeral of a child.

A white casket held the remains. It seemed very tiny as it rested between the pews before the altar railing. . . . It was hard to think that this child had romped and played, laughed and talked and cried like other children — but a few days before.

After the Mass, the priest stood before the casket and said a few words. He explained the Mass and the ceremonies. . . . Mass of the Angels — for this was a child, baptized into the fold of Christ, become an angel now. . . . Mass of welcome — in the name of all the children who would take this child to their hearts in heaven. . . . Mass of praise and thanksgiving to God, Whose love had spared this child the tears and heartaches of age. . . . Mass of joy and gladness — that sin had had no opportunity to spoil the heart of this child. . . .

Parents and relatives and friends followed the little coffin to the grave. Heavy and sad were their hearts, and eyes and cheeks were bedewed with tears. . . . But beneath the tears and sorrow there was comfort and a kind of joy. . . . They too had caught a glimpse of heaven in the funeral of their child.

2.

The bell tolled mournfully as the funeral cortege gathered before the doors of the church. The priest, vested in sombre black, met the body in the vestibule, blessed it, and marched into the church before it. This was the funeral of a woman to whom God had allotted fullness of years.

She had been a mother—had reared and cared for a family. She had known the burdens of the day and its heats. . . . She had been faithful to God through the years Often she had knelt in this church, where her body lies motionless now Here she had prayed, and brought others to pray with her.

But like all the children of men, she had known temptation . . . Perhaps there had been moments of weakness, when she had not been all that she had wanted to be. . . But always she had been sorry. . . Always she had striven upwards again.

So the Church welcomes her for the last time, that she may speed her journey home. If aught of barrier remains between her and God, the Church will plead, as the bride of Christ, for its removal now. "Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine!" she chants over and over—over and over. "Eternal rest grant unto her, O Lord! Rest from labor—rest from temptation and sin—rest and happiness with Thee!" None can hear without joining in the plea. None can be present without almost seeing beyond the thin veil that separates this world from the world beyond. . . Then the Body and Blood of Christ are raised in her behalf—her redeeming sacrifice once more. . .

They carry her to the grave—their lips still moving in prayer. . . The Church prays once more. . . The bystanders pray to the end. . . And when they have left her, and lonely moments reawaken sorrow, the hearts of sons and daughters and friends find comfort in the thought that the Church herself confided this mother to the arms of God. . .

3.

Flowers are banked around and above and below the coffin. Folds of precious silk line its interior. The body lies in state in the "Chapel" of a "mortician"—and there the last rites are to be held.

Long ago—so long that few remember—this man had been a Catholic. . . He had, as he would have said, outgrown all that. . . He had been a busy man. . . A good father, they said of him. . . A capable business man . . . a companionable friend. . . But he had no time for God, and he planned his life and his moral code as he went and as he pleased.

Now he lies still. His hands are busy no longer. He will not plan or labor or gather with his friends any more. They have surrounded him with flowers, as in life they surrounded him with interest and joy. Solemn-eyed they gather near to say farewell, though they know he will not answer a word.

Someone, remembering his former faith, had called on a priest, asking him to conduct the burial service. Of course, it could not be. So a denominational clergyman was approached and he came.

On folding chairs they sat before the coffin while the clergyman

passed through their midst and then stood before them. . . . No one knelt and no one prayed. "We are gathered here this afternoon. . . ." The voice droned on, recounting the deeds of the living. . . . "A good father . . . a loving husband . . . a prosperous business man . . . a social leader . . . a faithful friend. . . ." No word of his future. . . . No word of his present . . . no word of God, till the very walls seemed ready to cry out, and the dead body to rise up and speak.

So they went to the grave. Friends lent the tribute of their presence, but nothing more. Helplessly, uncomfortably they stood about while the body was lowered into the ground. . . . They watched the process and then they went home.

PRINCIPLES OF EDUCATION

The philosophy of the Catholic system of education is thus succinctly outlined by Harold A. McKinnon, member of the San Francisco Academy, in a recent article:

"Human nature represents a hierarchy of orders, each of which has its form of perfection.

"A man has a body, the perfection of which is simply health. Obviously that is only a limited part of man, the lowest element in the hierarchy. Give a man perfect health, and he nevertheless remains a very imperfect man.

"But he has also a mind, or intellect, the perfection of which is knowledge. Given these two perfections, however, and assuming a man with perfect health of body, and knowing all truth, such a man still would remain incomplete.

"The perfection of the entire man involves yet another element, that of spirit, the perfection of which is goodness. Health, knowledge and goodness, which have been described as *sanitas*, *sanity* and *sancity*; these three constitute the hierarchy which make up the whole man and the perfection of which constitute the end of man. Each one requires its own individual perfection, and the perfection of them all constitutes the perfection of the whole.

"When, therefore, our bodies have attained to a perfect and abiding health, and our minds have been filled with a knowledge of all truth, and our souls with the goodness for which they were made, we shall then have attained the perfection for which we were created, the goal of our lives. . . . This is the basis of the Church's philosophy of education."

Gathered at Dawn

SANCTITY AMONG OUR CHILDREN

PETER J. ETZIG, C.Ss.R.

XXXVII.

Although of an earlier century than the tots whom we have been considering in this series, Alessandrino still belongs to the group. We find the same Eucharistic formation, the same delicate appreciation of Holy Communion, the same love of the altar. The great Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, Ferrari, once called him "Piccolo San Luigi" (Little St. Aloysius), voicing the universal impression that this short child-life had made upon those with whom he came into contact. And even as late as 1933 one of the lad's biographers, Giovanni Tamburelli, could apply to the boy the beautiful expression of the Cure of Ars: "Wherever the Saints pass by, God passes with them."

ALESSANDRINO MAZZUCCHI — 1878-1890

On the right hand shore of Lake Como, serviced by the old Roman road, Via Aurelia, but now known as Via Regina, there nestles the delightful little village of a little over one thousand inhabitants — Pianello Lario. The place is noted for its fine silk works, as well as its ancient parish. This parish dates back to 1400 and in recent times has been blessed with two saintly curates, Don Carlo Coppini and Don Luigi Guanella, about both of whom we have detailed biographies. For this reason the life of Alessandrino can be very well documented and reach out into great detail. To Natale and Domenica Mazzucchi were born four sons, the last of whom died in 1880 because of medical neglect and inefficiency, and another of whom became the Superior General of the Servants of Charity. Alessandrino was born April 26, 1878, and as in the case of so many of these little saintly ones, owes very much of his best formation to a saintly mother, whom Father Guanella characterized as a "martyr of love and sorrow." The boy learned the words of Jesus and Mary at the same time he learned to pronounce mamma and papa, and his mother acknowledged that she had always felt a very distinct veneration for the boy. He was always perfectly attentive whenever religion was spoken of, seeming to sense almost naturally the sacredness of the subject.

THE ROSARY PROCESSION

Alessandrino's parents had an inn and shop, and his mother was very careful that the boy should not hear or see anything that could in the least tarnish his soul. The lad had an extraordinary horror for sin. One day an uncle of his who lived near by, used the Sacred name in vain within the hearing of the boy. Alessandrino blushed and his face showed his great pain that such a thing should have happened, and with tears in his eyes he ran to his mother and begged:

"Mamma, mamma, tell uncle not to do such a thing again!"

In fact the innocence of this child was such, that his biographers make great effort, and that quite successfully, to compare him with St. Aloysius. This fact is so much the more important in that the boy's life was witnessed to and studied as well as described by eminently holy men — especially by one who was trained by Don Bosco himself, Don Guanella.

Prayer was for him something delightful, and he prayed in all places. The Little Flower said that she could not pass three minutes without thinking of God, and Gemma Galgani reckoned it a crime in her life that she should have spent a few moments without thinking of God when she was one day immersed in a mathematical problem. In this boy there seems to have been a similar ambition. Things of God seemed to have attraction for him, while games and such like had no power to interest him. This does not mean that he could not enjoy a game, for he joined in them quite freely when present at the catechism reunions of Father Guanella. But even in these games, he would not partake of such as required a great amount of touching. Alessandrino found time very often to pray. He was regular in his morning and evening prayers, and in fact, would supervise the evening prayers of his brothers. Lined up along the side of the bed, the prayers would be said with attention and precision, but after Leonard and Salvatore had crawled into bed, Alessandrino would still kneel in prayer. Often his mother would find the lad on his knees and leaning against the bed, asleep. At other times, she would suspect that he was still on his knees, and would call up to him:

"Alessandrino, that will be enough for now; go to bed!"

"All right mamma," was the answer, "I am going; but speak quietly else daddy will hear it!"

On the way home from school, the boy would hold his books in his

left hand and hold his beads in his right, in such a manner however, that no one would surmise what he was doing.

"I don't know what to think of it," said Salvatore one day when he came from school. "When Alessandrino and I go to and from school, he does not say a word to me, but he is always talking to himself; I don't know what he is saying."

One day there was a very solemn procession of the Madonna of the Rosary. The village was decked out for the occasion, and the whole populace turned out for the event. Naturally the boy was there for every service and for the procession. He was delighted to march near the statue of Our Lady, alongside of which two other statues were carried, that of St. Dominic and that of St. Liborius, who were greatly venerated in the village. That evening at the family gathering, the boy was enthusiastic about the whole thing.

"Did you see it? How beautiful! the Madonna and our dear Saints! . . . Did you see how pleased the Madonna was? and St. Dominic and St. Liborius, did you see how they too recited the rosary together with us?" But as his elders treated his statement with apparent unbelief and smiled at his boyish enthusiasm, he added with emphasis:

"Yes, yes; didn't you see it? . . . The two saints moved their lips as we did and answered with us the prayers of the Madonna's rosary! How beautiful it was!"

The company was silent for a few moments and then changed the subject of conversation. Whether it was imagination or not, this much is certain, that this event gave him a wonderful enthusiasm and appreciation for the Rosary.

THE SALVE REGINA DISPUTE

Alessandrino found great happiness with his two younger brothers. He taught them how to pray, he supervised their little chores around the house. Both acknowledged that they instinctively felt a great veneration for him, and this gave him great influence over them. Of course, this did not mean that they bowed to everything he said. There are many incidents to show that the conduct of his brothers, one in particular who was quite boisterous, was a real occasion for development of virtue. An amusing incident is told of how Alessandrino and his brother had a dispute about the wording of the Salve Regina. Italians the world over love to say this prayer in the original Latin, as they do the Pater Noster and Ave Maria. Leonard and Alessandrino were at their eve-

ning prayers and it came to the recital of the *Salve Regina*. Everything went on fine till they came to the words "post hoc exilium." Leonard thought the term "post hoc" was some new fangled phrase introduced by his brother, and stopped to say so. Alessandrino patiently insisted that it belonged to the prayer, and made his little brother repeat all the words after him till the end. But the argument could not be settled until they raised the window and Leonard shouted across the *cortile* to his mother who was still working in the tavern kitchen:

"Mamma, does 'post hoc' belong to the *Salve Regina*?" And on being assured that it was original, the boys went to bed.

Salvatore, a likeable little fellow, possessed enough life and noise to do for two, and this was often a sore trial for his elder brother. Yet, Alessandrino never once lost patience with the lad. Even when mother suggested that some affairs be brought to father's notice, Alessandrino would plead for Salvatore, and always won out. By and by, Alessandrino acquired such a sedative influence over his little brother that if, when engaged in some little prank, his brother would appear on the scene, he would whisper: "Enough, Alessandrino will see us!"

THOUGHTS OF THE ALTAR

The Passion story interested the boy very much. When paging through the illustrated Way of the Cross, or looking at pictures of the Passion or crucifixion, he would show them to his mother:

"See, mamma, Jesus! . . . How much the Lord has suffered! Poor Jesus!" Narration of the sacred events caused him genuine physical pain and at times was sufficient to make him really ill. Gemma Galgani used to weep when she heard her mother read to her the story of the Passion, and her biographers tell us that upon hearing her teacher describe the scenes of the scourging and crowning with thorns, she was sick abed for two days. To Alessandrino with his delicate sense of values regarding the supernatural, the Passion story was something of tremendous value and significance. We know that it would almost make him ill when he realized that he had pained his own mother, and from this we may gauge what the infliction of pain on Christ meant to his delicate soul.

When he was five years old he made his first confession, and ever after that went to confession once a month. On August 9, 1885, he was confirmed by the bishop of Como. There is from this time on a steady increase in the boy's spiritual intuition, the power to sense spiritual

goodness, wherever it might be found. This led him to characterize the goodness of one of his lay teachers: "*Il signor maestro* is like a priest!"

His appreciation for the priesthood was very great, and we find wistful expression as to the possibility of his one day becoming a priest. One day Father Guanella spoke to the boys he had gathered together of the excellence of the priesthood, of the precious privilege of consecrating the Body and Blood of the Lord, and of the salvation of souls. After the lesson, he took off his biretta and placed it on Alessandrino's head:

"Would that be pleasing to you, my lad?" said the old man. "You would like to become a priest, would you not?"

The lad's heart leaped for joy and he could make no answer. When he came home he confided the event to his mother.

"You know what, mamma?" he said, "*Il Parroco* tried his biretta on me, saying that he would like me to become a priest! O if that were only possible!" Tears glistened in the little dark eyes — did he feel that it could never be? He disappeared soon after and his mother searching for him, found the boy on his knees before his little altar, repeating over and over again:

"Lord Jesus, make me good that I may be yours entirely!"

When the boy was seven years old, Father Guanella invited him to become a mass-server. Naturally Alessandrino was delighted and soon mastered all the prayers and technique of his office. In those days it meant early hours, for the pastor used to read mass at four o'clock so that his people could get to the fields and their other occupations on time. His mother felt thrilled to see her little boy at the altar, but even she thought the early hour, and the danger of cold a valid cause to refuse to allow the boy to serve.

"That's entirely too soon for you to get up," she argued. "You need your sleep."

"Very well," was the quick reply, "here is a good remedy for that: I will go to bed a little earlier and in that way be able to get up."

"But who's going to awaken you at such a time?"

"Mamma, you generally get up very early, and all you will have to do is to touch me lightly on the forehead and I will be up right away."

"But aren't you afraid to go to church at such an hour when it is so dark?"

"No, I am not afraid; and besides there are others who go to church from great distances."

And thus mother was overcome and was quite content to let the boy serve each morning. But the story was different with the father.

"He's too small, and can't stand that," Signor Mazzucchi said to his wife. "Something will happen to him!" The mother mentioned the father's objection to the boy. He pleaded with his mother to find a way out of the difficulty for him.

"Make him let me go; I won't get sick; if I don't go, I will become more sick!"

But even that ingenious argument did not carry conviction to the Signor. But when he added that the morning air would do him very much good, and that the Lord whom he served would know how to guard him, the father experimented with the boy, and when he noticed that the early morning expeditions seemed to agree very well with him, he gave his willing consent. I wonder how many lads would have gone through all that to secure the privilege of serving at such an early hour?

Thus his attraction for the priesthood grew. Even as a little fellow he would say: "I want first to go to the priest, and then to papa!" When a mission was given in the parish church, the boy listened with wrapt attention to the sermons, and when he came home, cried out:

"Mamma, listen! When I am big I want to do the same thing!" And he would get up on the table and give the folks a second mission. He had a complete little outfit for "saying mass," but just what his sentiments were regarding the priesthood and his purposes, the boy, as almost every other boy, revealed only to his mother and to Father Guanella.

BUT WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

His mother seeing all these manifestations of the interior sanctity of her child wondered within herself what the future held for him. She had adopted a method of training that safeguarded his innocence by not allowing him to associate with any that might in the least endanger the boy's purity. The lad corresponded to this training perfectly, and if ever he showed signs of disobedience it was when he feared his purity would be endangered. On these occasions he would try to have his mother rescind the order, which he always succeeded in doing. Although precocious in mind, so that he could repeat the substance of sermons and the questions of catechism perfectly even some time after the events, and although showing a great aptitude for art and design so that he would fill pages with sketches and little pictures—it was perfectly

clear to her that Alessandrino had but one single preoccupation and that was God and the things of God. For that reason Signora Mazzucchi had three things that weighed on her mind at this time of the boy's life. The safeguarding of the lad's innocence of soul; the future of the child which pointed towards the priesthood; the interval between this last point and the tender years of the boy. The schools of the time would prove dangerous to the boy, and therefore she decided to send him to a place where he would be educated in mind and in soul at one and the same time — the Casa della Provvidenza at Como.

(To be continued)

ALL IN HIS SERVICE

Charles E. Jefferson, a noted Congregationalist divine, who for over a quarter of a century was pastor of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York, thus outlines the difference between Protestant and Catholic modes of worship of God:

"It is interesting that for some reason we are willing to use only the ear in our worship. In some of our churches we have beautiful stained glass windows, but it is not until you come into the Roman Catholic Church that you find a feast that is spread for the eye. There you will find not only pictured windows, but paintings and statues and gorgeous robes.

"And not only is a place given to the eye but also to the touch. The Roman Catholic makes use of the crucifix and the rosary and the holy water, and he makes use of the sense of taste in the Sacrament, and in order to increase his joy in worship he fills the air of the church with incense.

"The Roman Catholic summons all the five senses to take part in the worship of God. This is one of the explanations of the wonderful grip which the Roman Catholic Church has upon so many millions of human beings."

THE WISDOM OF AGE

A news report tells of Hugo Thimig, head of a great acting family in Vienna, who recently observed his eightieth birthday. The director of a leading theater invited him to celebrate the anniversary by appearing in one of his favorite roles.

"I prefer," said Herr Thimig, declining the invitation, "that the Viennese public should regret that I no longer act to their being sorry that I still do."

Catholic Anecdotes



NOT A THINKER

A certain priest one day asked a member of his flock why he did not come to Mass.

"Oh, Father," was the answer, "I am a freethinker."

"Have you ever read the Bible?" asked the priest.

"No," was the answer.

"Or Chateaubriand's 'Genius of Christianity'?"

"No."

"The writings of St. Augustine or of Bossuet?"

"No."

"Well, do you know the contents of the little catechism?"

"I think not."

"My dear man," said the priest, "you are not a freethinker. You are only an ignoramus, a dunce, a fool."

HONOR TO GOD

In Father Vaughan's *Thoughts for All Times* we read the following story:

After the Seven Years' war, General Ziethen became one of the most frequent guests of Frederick the Great. He even occupied the place of honor at his table, unless there were other princes there. One day when he had received an invitation to dine, he requested Frederick to excuse him.

"Tell his Majesty, please, that this is a day on which I am accustomed to receive Holy Communion, and I do not wish to put myself in the way of any distractions."

Some days after the King said to his favorite general:

"Well, Ziethen, how did your Communion come off the other day?" At which all the courtiers laughed.

But Ziethen at once arose, approached Frederick and said gravely:

"Your majesty ought to know that I have dreaded no danger and that I have fought courageously for you and our country. What I have done I am ready to do again, when Your Majesty commands me. But there is One above us mightier than you, and than all mankind. I will

never allow any man to insult Him in my presence, even in jest, for in Him is my faith, my hope, my consolation."

The king, much moved, held out his hand to the noble general and said:

"Happy Ziethen! I deeply respect your religion. Preserve it carefully, and rest assured that what has just now taken place shall never again be repeated in my presence."

A MAN'S FAITH

The following is an excerpt from a letter sent by "Bob Quinn," business manager of the Brooklyn National League Baseball team, to his son, the Rev. Robert Quinn, O.P., of Fenwick High School, Chicago. It has been quoted by Vincent Fitzpatrick in his usual sport column in the Catholic papers:

"Thank you for your birthday wishes and for all the nice things you said, but, my son, I did only my duty as God put it up to me to do. If any example of mine had any influence in your life, oh, how much I thank God and His most dear Mother!

"I realize how wonderful have been the blessings God has showered on me. With no chance in my younger life and raised to the heights far greater than anything I might ever wish for, I appreciate all of His favors, and every day I tell my God that I thank Him with all my heart.

"I appreciate as far as human beings can do so my great and wonderful privilege of frequent Communion. It has been a most wonderful consolation and aid throughout my life. When I was a ball player it kept me straight and urged me on and on. As I advanced in life and realized what a great blessing frequent Communion was it grieved me to miss one morning through my own fault. Why should I not go to my best Friend every day? I need Him. He does not need me. I am happy in His presence. Why should we not go where we are happy?

"The world is running wild in its search for excitement and pleasure. All are looking for happiness, but mostly in the wrong place. I am happy in church, not for the future reward it may bring, but happy in the presence of Him Who died for us. Then why should I be commended for going to church? Let me wish for you that you will always be happy in the service of God."

Anything will be plausible if you read all that can be said in its favor and exclude all that can be said against it.—*Newman*.

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Pointed Paragraphs

THE ROSARY

Other private devotions of the Christian may come and go; other prayers may be recited once and forgotten, or heard and then thought on no more. But the Rosary always remains; it is the staple prayer of the Christian.

The reasons for this are many.

The Rosary has about it the perfumed aura of a heavenly origin. The Our Father first fell from the lips of the Son of God. The Hail Mary draws its music from the lips of an angel, from the welcoming salute of St. Elizabeth to her cousin, the Mother of God, and from the vocalized plea of every human heart. The Apostles' Creed is the summary of Christ's teaching to the world, and the Glory be to the Father, etc., is the enunciation of the whole purpose of creation and its fulfillment on the part of man. It is not too much to say that the Rosary has its origin in heaven.

The Rosary enlists memory and imagination in the task of uniting men to God. The mind knows God as a spirit, but too easily forgets Him amid the distractions that engage the senses; the eyes and ears and touch give no testimony of God except as illuminated by reason and faith. But the memory and imagination, internal senses of man, draw God to themselves. They form images of His Mother, His birthplace, His passion, His death, His resurrection, His triumph. Through these scenes recreated by the individual in the recitation of the Rosary, Man is assisted in his approach to God.

The Rosary is laden with historic associations. The Christian who says it hears in his words the echo of crusading armies of Christians, marching to the sound of this prayer; the voices of myriads of mothers and fathers and children, making sacred the haven of home by its heavenly music; the trembling accents of many a sufferer, finding comfort in its companionship; the faltering syllables of dying Christians, repeating the words: "Pray for us now — at the hour of our death" — for the last time.

Beyond a doubt this month of October will add to the memories that will cling to the Rosary for all future Christian generations. And he

who neglects it — blindly tosses aside a means that might unite him more closely to God!

CATHOLIC ACTION IN LIBRARIES

An example has been set for Catholic organizations throughout the land by the Brooklyn Catholic Action Council, which has taken up the definite task of seeing to it that Catholic books and magazines have adequate representation in public libraries.

The Council conducted a survey of libraries during the summer of 1933, and the following facts were brought to light:

1. No Catholic magazines were provided in any of the library's 33 branches except at the main building.

2. Catholic religious books were more popular than any other of 11 types of religious books (including Protestant, modernist, symposia, anti-Catholic, and oriental) except for one group of 14 anti-religious books. This came to light after a tabulation of 15,374 borrowings of 2,046 works.

3. There were more than seven Protestant books on the shelves for every Catholic book. All in all, less than 8 per cent of the religious books were of Catholic authorship. (Brooklyn has a high percentage of Catholic citizens.)

As a result of these discoveries, the Brooklyn Catholic Action Council set for itself this goal: that religious books procured by public libraries in the future should be predominantly Catholic until such time as a proportionate representation for Catholic books is attained.

We believe that the same conditions might be found in the libraries of almost any city in the land, and that the aim of the Brooklyn Catholic Action Council might be adopted by many another organization. This is a very practical, worth while field for Catholic endeavor.

STALWART SUPPORT

Marlen Pew is the editor of *Editor and Publisher*, a weekly trade journal for newspapermen. He is not a Catholic, though the standards he proposes to the newspaper world are always high. We have seen few comments on the *League of Decency*, even from Catholics, as vigorously supporting as his, in an issue of several weeks ago. Here are excerpts:

"At the brink of cynical despair, just as we are about to throw up the sponge and admit that this land of the free is indubitably headed for destruction, destined to share the bitter fate of all of the great primitive civilizations that were sunk without a trace through human perversity, something comes along to rescue faltering faith.

"This time it is the boycott of immoral movies and rotten literature by the Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish churches — millions of members pledging to withdraw their patronage as punishment for persistent violation of the American moral code.

"We had almost come to the sour conclusion that nothing could stop the demoralization of the film amusement and that the amazing circulation success of depraved literature was proof that the rank and file of society had lost all moral sense, up to the ears in the pollution and liking it.

"We were wrong, and hereby offer a blanket apology. Funny people, these Americans! They 'take' about so much, and then — crash!

"There is an important lesson in this incident for all who cater to the reading and picture-viewing public, the 'Great They' who decide the fate of every publication and every amusement. The church boycott is notice in 750 point black caps to the smart Alecs of Broadway, Hollywood and elsewhere that down underneath his more or less world-hardened skin Mr. Average Citizen dislikes vulgarity, smut and dirt, and that Mrs. Average Citizen is by no means ready to accept as an American standard the double or triple moral code of the European Continent, Asia or the South Sea Isles.

"Husbands and wives take their children to see movies which depict something more amusing and palatable than falsely romanticized vice and crime, and a youth and a maid may still blush (believe it or not) at those double-meaning 'cracks' which bring laughs from the intestinal depths of the fat rouses of Broadway to whom so many million-dollar Hollywood directors cater with their best talents. . . ."

Mr. Pew concludes his remarks with these words: "Maybe this boycott, which started on Main Street, the most important thoroughfare in America, and not on Broadway, will make some editors, as well as movie folks, take a new slant on moral responsibility."

A CHILD'S REACTION

Delightful satire is employed by the celebrated humorist, Beverly Nichols, in the London *Sketch*, to show the reactions of a child to a typical love-scene a la Hollywood.

The scene is any big movie theatre during the performance of any big love-"talkie." The child, having been promised Mickey Mouse, is somewhat restive by the minor allure of an actress who is fluttering her

titanic eyelashes across the screen. Also, he does not understand what it is all about, as the following dialogue suggests:

Q. Why is the lady making those funny faces, Mummy?

A. Ssh.

Q. There she is again, Mummy. Why. . . .

A. She is waiting for the man she loves.

Q. Do women always make funny faces when they are waiting for the men they love, Mummy?

A. They are not funny faces.

Q. If I made faces like that at school. . . .

A. Be quiet.

Q. And why is she squirting scent on the cushions?

A. I really don't know.

Q. And she herself, too? Does the lady smell peculiar, Mummy?

A. Do not be disgusting.

Q. Then why is she squirting scent all over herself?

A. She wants to attract the man she is waiting for.

Q. Will he be attracted by all that scent?

A. Yes — yes.

Q. How do you know?

A. I don't know.

(The lover enters. She flies to his arms. She cries: "I am so weak, so ver-ry wee-eak! That is why I l-o-ve you, and that is why you lo-o-ve me.")

Q. Why does the lady love the gentleman, because he is so strong, Mummy?

A. I really don't know.

Q. Is he going to lift her over something?

A. Do not be ridiculous.

Q. And why does the gentleman love the lady, because she is so we-e-eak?

A. He wishes to protect her.

Q. Is someone going to hit her?

A. He wants to protect her from the world.

Q. What is the world going to do with the lady?

A. It has treated her very cruelly.

Q. Then how did she get all those diamonds? . . .

Thus the dialogue goes on, revealing the impressions of the child and, by inference, the harm that may be done.

THE "BREAK" OF A NEWS-STORY

The news of the birth of quintuplets to the Dionne family of Callander, Ontario, in Canada, was headline material for almost every paper in the civilized world. The way in which the news "broke"—or became known to the papers is a simple and delightful story.

Dr. Dafoe had been called at about 4 A.M. The five babies had been born, and were baptized immediately by the doctor. After doing all he could on the spot, the latter had gone for the priest, because the mother was in a dangerously weak condition.

In the early hours of the morning a French-Canadian wood-chopper, uncle of the quintuplets, came to the house to offer his services. There wasn't much for him to do, so he created an errand to occupy his time. He went to the office of the *North Bay Nugget*, a semi-weekly newspaper. Encountering the editor, he asked:

"How much does a birth notice cost?"

The price was stated.

"Would it be the same for five notices?"

"No, five separate notices would cost five times as much."

"But, you see, this is one birth notice, but for five babies all coming to one mother at one time."

The editor looked sharply into the face of the applicant. It was a sober, rational countenance. His news sense suddenly asserted itself, and he demanded the facts. Seizing his hat he rushed to the Dionne cottage. And in an hour the flash was on the wires, news which circled the civilized world before the day was over.

CONFIDENCE

A neurologist of England reports that in an experiment carried on with three soldiers of the British Army, he found that definite measurement of the effect a man's mental state has on his bodily strength could be determined. The men on whom the tests were made were found to be actually 40 per cent stronger when they believed themselves to be strong, and actually 70 per cent weaker when they believed themselves to be weak. The tests were scientifically accurate.

This knowledge might well be applied to the field of self-control in overcoming temptations and keeping resolutions. The man who begins with confidence in his strength, always aided by the grace of God, will be actually 40 per cent stronger than the diffident self-distrusting penitent.

-----LIGUORIANA-----

EXCERPTS FROM THE WRITINGS OF ST. ALPHONSUS

SPIRITUAL CONSOLATION

When a person takes up the practice of a spiritual life, God usually begins by favoring him with special lights, tears, and sensible consolations. But after a while He usually closes this fountain of sweetness to the soul, for the purpose of trying its fidelity, and of inciting it to greater perfection. This He does by detaching the soul from these sensible sweetnesses, to which it may easily grow attached with some degree of imperfection and ill-regulated self-love. Sensible consolations (and even supernatural experiences of God) are indeed God's gift, but they are not God; hence, to detach His beloved souls from His gifts, so that they may love Him, the Giver of the gifts, with a purer love, He sees to it that they no longer find in meditation their wonted sustenance and support, but only weariness, aridity, torments, and sometimes temptations.

Let the soul, then, which finds itself in this state of aridity, be faithful to its meditations and Communions. Let it remember what St. Francis de Sales said: "One ounce of meditation made in desolation is worth more before God than a hundred pounds of it in consolation." For indeed a soul that loves God on account of the consolations He gives, loves the consolations of God more than God Himself; but the soul that loves Him and clings to Him without consolation shows that it really loves God Himself.

ANTICHRIST

The persecution of Antichrist will be the worst ever suffered by the Church. His object will be to cause all Christians to lose the faith, by having them adore him as God; and in those places where he will not actually be present himself, he will have his statue erected by his followers, and especially by a false prophet whom he will take as a companion, called by St. John "the second beast." The interpreters say that this will be some priest or monk or bishop who will seduce the people and force them all to adore the idolatrous statue, as St. John says: "And all that dwell upon the earth adore him, whose names are not written in the book of the Lamb." From this it is seen that not all will be unfaithful, but many will persevere. Daniel writes concerning this persecution (which will last three years and six months) that the sacrifice of the altar will be abolished: "From the time when the continual sacrifice shall be taken away, and the abomination unto desolation shall be set up, there shall be a thousand two hundred ninety days." Hence in that time no Masses will be celebrated; but nevertheless the good faithful souls will not fail to gather as well as they can, to say their prayers, praise God, and even celebrate Mass secretly, for Daniel's prophecy, say the interpreters, applies only to the public celebration of Mass. Thus they explain what St. John says of the woman, that is the Church, who will flee

at that time into the wilderness: "And the woman fled into the wilderness, where she had a place prepared for God, that there they should feed her a thousand two hundred sixty days."

Concerning the death of Antichrist, it is said that he will gather together two great armies in order to complete the destruction of the Church and of all the followers of Jesus Christ: but instead of overcoming, he will be conquered and will die together with his soldiers. St. John writes that when the enemies of God will have surrounded the camp of the Christians and the city of Jerusalem, fire will come down from Heaven and devour them; and then the devil that seduced them, together with Antichrist, called the beast, and his companions the false prophet, will be cast into hell to burn forever. . . . St. Paul says: "The Lord Jesus shall kill (Antichrist) with the spirit of His mouth"—that is, by His command; St. Michael, at the command of Christ, will slay Antichrist by a stroke of lightning from heaven, and will confine him to hell.

After the death of Antichrist the Church will enjoy great peace, and the faithful will give fervent thanks to God. It is uncertain how much time will elapse between the death of Antichrist and the end of the world and the day of judgment. Some argue from the prophet Daniel's words: "Blessed is he that waiteth, and cometh unto a thousand three hundred thirty-five days. But go thou thy ways until the time appointed: and thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot unto the end of the days"—that it will be forty-five days; but we cannot have certainty in this matter.

THE CRUCIFIXION

St. Augustine says there is no more painful death than death on the cross. The reason is because one who is crucified has his hands and feet pierced with nails, and the hands and feet, being filled with nerves, muscles, and veins, are most sensitive to pain; besides the very weight of the body causes the pain to be greater and to go on increasing until death. But the sufferings of Jesus were greater than all other sufferings, because, according to the Angelic Doctor, the body of Jesus was so perfectly adjusted that it was most keenly sensitive to pain. It was a body framed by the Holy Ghost for the express purpose of suffering, as was prophesied: "A body Thou hast fitted to Me." St. Thomas says, moreover, that He suffered enough to make proportionate satisfaction for all the temporal punishment due to all the sins of all men.

SPIRITUAL MAXIMS

It is a great favor from God to be called to His holy love.

God lets no single good desire go unrewarded.

Every attachment, even to things that are good (except attachment to God) is not good.

Let us be grateful, but first of all to God. Therefore let us resolve not to deny anything to God, ever choosing the things that give Him the greatest pleasure.

The most beautiful prayer of all is the one we make when we are unwell, uniting ourselves to God's will.

A holy life and pleasures of sense cannot exist together.

He that trusts in himself, is lost. He that trusts in God, can do anything.

From "Reflections on the Passion"

Book Reviews

FOR RELIGIOUS

Mirror of a True Religious. Translated from the German of Rev. P. Boone, S.J. by Sister Mary Eva, O.S.F. Published by B. Herder. 145 pages. Price, \$1.25.

A storehouse of simple, practical reflections and meditations for religious is this volume. "The Mirror" is a series of short, pointed meditations on the obligations of a religious, divided into two parts, 1) the sacrifices which the religious must make, and 2) the virtues which a religious must practice. The style of writing is eminently fitted for meditation; the sentences are short and clear and endowed with a warm familiarity; the whole is well ordered and logically worked out. After "The Mirror" there are appended a number of classical treatises on various topics concerning the religious state, e.g., the counsels of St. Theresa; a series of thoughts and examples on perfection for each day of the month; the benefits of the religious state according to St. Bernard; the use of the Confession of devotion, etc. The book will be welcomed into the spiritual reading libraries of religious communities.

—D. F. M.

DEVOTION

Visits to the Most Blessed Sacrament and the Blessed Virgin Mary. By St. Alphonsus de Liguori. Published by the Mission Church Press, St. Alphonsus St., Boston Mass. Price, 25 cents.

The visits of St. Alphonsus are well known throughout the Catholic world. They are arranged for each day of the month, and give almost perfect expression to the sentiments of devotion that must reside in the heart of every true Christian. This new edition is the finest we have seen. It is bound sturdily in leather and strong paper, and will stand the frequent use it will receive. The low cost of 25 cents will make it available to almost everyone.—D. F. M.

MUSIC

"A Grammar of Plainsong" by a Benedictine of Stanbrook. Price \$1.25. J. Fischer & Bro. 119 W. 40th St., New York.—This booklet of 106 pages is intended as an introduction to a practical study of Plainsong. In it are avoided as

far as possible, all such intricate points as belong to the archaeology of the subject. Published as early as 1905, the booklet has now reached the third edition. Teachers of Church music are agreed that the Grammar of Plainsong has been of the greatest assistance to them in trying to carry out the wishes of the Holy Father, so often and so strongly expressed on this subject. In the 3rd edition recently issued, minor additions have been made to the chapter on Notation, a chapter on Transcription has been added, the chapter on Rhythm has been recast and that on Psalmody has been re-arranged.—If you are looking for an open, fair-minded discussion of the real aim of Church Music, here is the book for you.—E. A. F.

PAMPHLETS

The following pamphlets have been received from Our Sunday Visitor Press, Huntington, Indiana. They sell for 10 cents each, \$3.00 per hundred.

The Society of the Propagation of the Faith for Foreign Missions. By J. F. N. An informative outline of the history and nature of the greatest Mission Society in the Church, and pertinent figures to indicate the work it has done and that which remains to be done. Interesting data as to American Home and Foreign Missions are included. A basic handbook for all interested and desiring to become interested in the Missions.

Company Keeping: When Is It a Sin? By Mary E. McGill, Editor of "Woman's Interests," of Our Sunday Visitor.

This is one of the finest short treatises on Company Keeping that we have seen published in recent years. Miss McGill has a way with her, a genuine understanding of the problems of young women, and a moral sense that is usually unerringly sane and true. She does not speak in vague generalities, nor from a prudish, old-fashioned point of view, but faces modern problems and fashions and dangers without hesitation. We highly recommend this pamphlet, and all that Miss McGill writes in Our Sunday Visitor to the thoughtful consideration of our young people.—D. F. M.



Catholic Events



Persons:

Brigadier General Theodore A. Bingham, noted soldier, diplomat, engineer, and a Catholic convert, died recently at Chester, Nova Scotia. He had been an episcopalian, a member of the congregation of the church of St. Mary the Virgin, whose Rector, the Rev. Seldon P. Delaney also became a convert and was ordained a priest in Rome last year. It was while the General was a patient in the United States army medical center at Washington that he asked the chaplain to be received into the Church, having desired this for some 12 years. The chaplain suggested a course of instructions, but found that the General knew the Catholic faith like a theologian and scholar. General Bingham was attached to the White House under President McKinley, was former Superintendent of Public Buildings and Parks in the District of Columbia, and Police Commissioner in New York. During the World War he had charge of the New York Harbor.

Miss Ruth Fiske, the daughter of A. Longfellow Fiske, a former non-Catholic clergyman converted during the 1928 Presidential campaign by reason of the bitter attacks made on Alfred E. Smith, has entered the Novitiate of the Madames of the Sacred Heart at Albany, N. Y. Miss Fiske entered the Church a year after her father, and has not missed daily Mass and Holy Communion since.

Upton Sinclair, avowed socialist, recently nominated candidate for Governor of California on the Democratic ticket, is a professed atheist and enemy of all religion, particularly the Christian. In 1918 he wrote "Profits of Religion," in which occur blasphemies that for vulgarity and indecency outdo Ingersoll and Paine.

John A. Staunton, a former clergyman in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and a convert to Catholicism in 1930, was ordained Saturday, September 23rd by Bishop Noll of Fort Wayne. He is 70 years old. Twenty years of his life have been spent as Protestant missionary in the Philippine Islands. While studying for the Catholic priesthood in Rome, his eyesight failed, and he was ordained by special privilege, and permitted to celebrate a special Mass written for partly blind priests.

Sister Mary Madeleva, poet, essayist, lecturer, and noted student of Chaucer, has been appointed president of St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, conducted by the Sisters of Holy Cross. Sister Madeleva made her own college studies at St. Mary's, and from there went to the University of California, where she received her doctorate. At the completion of her studies she joined the Holy Cross Sisters, and has since published several books. She recently returned from a year's study at Oxford University, England.

Josephus Daniels, American ambassador to Mexico, has again been severely criticized for statements made in a public address. In a recent speech on education he praised the Mexican system, quoting and endorsing these words of Calles: "We must enter and take possession of the mind of childhood, of the mind of youth." Calles had added the reason, "because they belong to the revolution," indicating the revolution against all religion. *America*, the weekly review published by the

Jesuits in New York, demanded that Daniels resign his position. The ambassador later "explained" and modified his meaning in an interview with representatives of the N.C.W.C.

Brother Andre, of the Brothers of Holy Cross, called the "Miracle Man of Montreal," recently celebrated his 89th birthday. Brother Andre fostered the construction of the beautiful shrine of St. Joseph on the slopes of Mount Royal to which thousands of pilgrims go each year. Numerous cures and miraculous answers to prayer have been reported from the shrine, and Brother Andre's saintly life and power of intercession have become widely known.

Francois Coty, world famous perfume manufacturer, died recently in Paris at the age of 60. He received the Last Sacraments from the Most Reverend Emanuel Choptal, auxiliary bishop of Paris.

Places:

In *Norway*, a change of sentiment amongst Lutheran clergymen and people in regard to the Catholic Church has become noticeable of late, according to a correspondent. Lutheran ministers are introducing more and more of the elements and decorations of Catholic worship into their churches; some are even seeking to borrow vestments and liturgical ornaments from Catholic priests. Further still, Catholic prelates have been invited to officiate in Lutheran churches, which before the Reformation belonged to Catholics. These Lutherans no longer wish to be called Protestants or even Lutherans, but Norwegian Catholics. The reason for the change is to be found in the reaction of Norwegians against the religious liberalism and modernism of the times.

In *Mexico*, 2,000 citizens of the State of Coahuila recently signed a petition to the Governor of the State, Manuel Perez Trevino, asking that the new State law regulating religious worship and limiting the number of clergy, be annulled. By way of answer the Governor said that the petition itself proved the "existence of a pernicious fanaticism which it is necessary to extirpate, and that he favors measures to eliminate those elements completely."

In *Belgium*, Cardinal Van Roey, Archbishop of Mechlin, warned Catholics not to take part in pilgrimages to places where apparitions were alleged to take place. (Several instances of supposed apparitions have occurred in Belgium during the past few years.) "We judge," said the Prelate in particular, "that the so-called 'visions, revelations, and prephesies' reported to be happening at Loheren-Naastveld have no supernatural character."

At *Lourdes, France*, the Bureau of Medical Authentication for alleged cures at the Shrine of Our Lady, authenticated 88 cures as inexplicable in any natural way, for the year 1933. The Bureau rejected 17 cures, and many others were not passed upon. The number of physicians attending the sessions held at Lourdes during the year was 896. Any physician, no matter of what religion or nationality, is welcome to take part in the examinations.

In *Houston, Texas*, a series of eight lectures was given in Emancipation Park on consecutive evenings, September 16-23. Previously, handbills had been circulated with the large heading "The Catholic Church Exposed," inviting non-Catholics to attend. Bishop Christopher E. Byrne of Galveston gave the concluding outdoor lecture himself.

Lucid Intervals

Wrecked Motorist (phoning) — Send assistance at once. I've turned turtle.

Voice (from other end) — My dear sir, this is a garage. What you want is an aquarium.

*

The telephone rang and the new maid answered it.

"Hello!" came from the receiver.

"Hello!" answered the girl flushed with the pride of a new language.

"Who is this?" again came the voice.

"I don't know who it is," said the girl, "I can't see you."

*

It was at a boarding house up state. He had just arrived by a late train, to find all the available accommodation occupied. He pleaded with the landlady so piteously that at last she yielded. There was a small room upstairs, separated by a thin partition from poor Mr. Jones who was a nervous wreck. He might have that room if he promised faithfully not to make the smallest sound.

"Oh," he assured her gratefully, "I'll be as quiet as a mouse."

All went well until he unfortunately dropped one shoe. However, without further mishap he undressed noiselessly and slipped into bed. Just as he was dozing off to sleep an agonized moan came from the next room.

"Oh, for pity's sake," it begged, "drop the other shoe and let me get to sleep."

*

"What are the passengers leaning out of the windows for, conductor?" asked the nervous old lady.

"We just ran over a cat, ma'am," replied the conductor.

"Poor little animal! And was it on the track?"

"No, ma'am" he assured her, "the locomotive chased him across the street."

*

During the sermon the other day a baby began to cry, and its mother carried it towards the door. "Stop," said the minister, "the baby's not disturbing me." The mother turned towards the pulpit, and made the audible remark, "Oh, 'e ain't a, ain't 'e? But you're a disturbin' of 'im!"

Diner: "Do you serve crabs here?"

Waiter: "We serve anyone; sit down."

*

Sandy Again. A Scotchman found it necessary to notify his wife that he might not be home that evening, in which case he would phone her. This is what he told her:

"I'll ring you at six o'clock. When you hear the bell you'll know it's me. Don't answer it, and I'll get my nickel back."

*

"Horace," gasped the poet as he entered his friend's room.

"Why, is there anything wrong, Rudolph?" inquired Horace.

"Wrong? I wrote a poem about my little boy. I began each verse with the line: 'My son! My pigmy counterpart!'"

"Yes," murmured Horace.

The poet drew a newspaper from his pocket.

"Read," he blazed. "Read what that idiot compositor did to that beautiful line."

Horace took the paper and read: "My son! My pig! My counterpart!"

*

Miss Plutus — But, Captain Hawleigh, would you love me when I grow old and ugly?

The Captain (gallantly) — You may grow older, Miss Plutus, but you can never grow uglier.

And, as he went home, he wondered why she had rejected him.

*

"How about some nice horseradish?" said the grocer to the bride.

"Oh, no, indeed; we keep a car."

*

A veterinary surgeon was instructing a farmer as to a suitable method for administering medicine to a horse.

"Simply place this powder in a gas pipe about two feet long, put one end of the pipe well back in the horse's mouth and blow the powder down his throat."

Shortly thereafter the farmer came running into the veterinary's office in a distressed condition.

"What's the matter?" asked the veterinary.

"I'm dying," cried the farmer. "The horse blew first!"

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APPROVED!

In last month's *LIGUORIAN* we published a list of banned films. This month we present the names of some of those which have been approved, either for the whole family, or for mature audiences. Children and adolescents should not be permitted to attend those in the latter class.

SUITABLE FOR ALL

Barretts of Wimpole Street	Human Side
Beloved	Judge Priest
Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back	Man From Hell
Charlie Chan in London	Moonstone
Count of Monte Christo	One Night of Love
Dick Turpin	Romance in the Rain
Emperor Jones	Servants' Entrance
Girl of the Limberlost	The Woman in Command
Have a Heart	

FOR CHILDREN AND ADOLESCENTS

Belle of the Nineties	Heart Song
British Agent	Hide out
Chained	Line-up
Crime Without Passion	None So Blind
Down to Their Last Yacht.	Now and Forever
Dragon Murder Case	There's Always Tomorrow
Flying Down to Rio	Vampire